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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIV. CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 8, 1900. NUMBER 24

"A Subsidized Press!"

This is a familiar phrase which as yet always connotes newspapers that are run in the interest of party, of sect, of trade or of greed.

Will the time ever come when there will be newspapers subsidized in the interest of morality, civic integrity, independence, freedom and progress?

Before dismissing with a sneer or a smile the proposed experiment of Charles M. Sheldon of Topeka, Kansas, why not read his plea for an *endowed newspaper*, found in his books entitled "*In His Steps*" and "*The Miracle in Markham*"?

See also editorial note in UNITY for February 1, 1900, page 799 and page 822 of this issue; and then *give the experiment first-hand study.*

The publishers of UNITY will send you in one wrapper the six issues of

THE TOPEKA DAILY CAPITAL

edited by Charles M. Sheldon, for week beginning March 13, 1900, for fifty cents, or they will send

UNITY

for one year with the Sheldon experiment for two dollars. This offer is good only for a limited number. First come, first served.

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3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

A Wisconsin Congress of Religion.

A CALL.

Recognizing the increasing spirit of fellowship between the denominations and in acknowledgment of the sincerity with which all alike are seeking light upon the perplexing problems, both theoretical and practical, which confront us, we, the undersigned, citizens of Wisconsin, send forth this Call to as many as are like minded throughout our state to join us in a Congress of Religion to consider how our common interests may be advanced; this Congress to be held in the Union Congregational Church of Green Bay, Wisconsin, February 27, 28 and March 1, 1900.

(Signed)
For the Promoters of the
Wisconsin Congress

REV. E. G. UPDYKE.....Pastor Congregational Church, Madison, Wis.
REV. J. W. FRIZZELL.....Pastor Congregational Church, Eau Clair, Wis.
REV. E. H. SMITH.....Pastor Congregational Church, Oshkosh, Wis.
REV. J. M. A. SPENCE.....Pastor Union Congregational Church, Green Bay, Wis.
REV. W. M. FORKELL.....Pastor Methodist Church, Green Bay, Wis.
REV. A. C. GRIER.....Pastor Universalist Church, Racine, Wis.
REV. C. E. VARNEY.....Pastor Universalist Church, Monroe, Wis.
REV. A. G. WILSON.....Pastor All Souls Church, Janesville, Wis.
REV. JAMES B. LEE.....Pastor Emanuel Presbyterian Cuurch, Milwaukee, Wis.
REV. L. S. ANDERSON.....Pastor Presbyterian Church, Marinette Wis.
REV. CHAS. F. NILES.....Pastor Unitarian Church, Menominee Wis.
MRS. HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.....Columbus, Wis.
MRS. FLORENCE G. BUCKSTAFF.....Oshkosh, Wis.
MRS. ELLA HOES NEVILLE.....Green Bay, Wis.
B. S. HOXIE.....Evansville, Wis.

A RESPONSE

In keeping with the spirit and work of the Liberal Congress of Religion the undersigned heartily accept an invitation received from the above friends to coöperate with them in the meeting contemplated in the above Call, and assure them of our sincere sympathy with their aims and of our earnest effort to advance the interests of this gathering in every way within our power.

(Signed)
For the Directors of the
General Congress.

REV. H. W. THOMAS, D.D., President.....Chicago.
DR. E. G. HIRSCH, Vice-President.....Chicago.
JENKIN LLOYD JONES, General Secretary.....Chicago.
REV. GRANVILLE ROSS PIKE, Chairman Local Congresses.....Chicago.
REV. JOHN FAVILLE, Director.....Peoria, Ill.

PROGRAM.

(Subject to Modification.)

Green Bay, Wisconsin, February 27, 28 and March 1, 1900, in the Union Congregational Church.

Tuesday, February 27—Afternoon 2.00. WOMAN'S CONGRESS.
Mrs. Ruth K. Ellis, President of Woman's Club of Green Bay, Chairman.—Speakers to be announced next week.

Evening.—INTRODUCTORY TO GENERAL CONGRESS.
The Hon. S. D. Hastings, Sr., Green Bay, Chairman.

7.45. Music. Prayer.
Address of Welcome, Hon. H. O. Fairchild, Green Bay, on behalf of the Union Congregational Church.
Response, The Rev. Hiram W. Thomas, D. D., Chicago; President Liberal Congress of Religion.
Sermon, The Rev. E. G. Updyke, D. D.; Pastor First Congregational Church, Madison, Wis.

POSITIVE QUALITIES OF THE NEW THEOLOGY.—Wednesday, February 28, Morning.
The Rev. Hiram W. Thomas, D. D., Chicago, Chairman.

Invocation.
9:30. The Search for a New Theology, The Rev. C. E. Varney, Pastor Universalist Church, Monroe.
9:50. The Impact Upon Life of the New Theology, The Rev. Granville Ross Pike, Pastor Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church, Chicago.
10:10. Unifying Influences of the New Theology, The Rev. A. G. Wilson, Pastor All Souls Church, Janesville.
10:30. Spiritual Value of the New Theology, The Rev. William M. Forkell, Pastor First M. E. Church, Green Bay.
10:50 Discussion of Previous Papers, Led by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, General Secretary Liberal Congress of Religion.

PRACTICAL TENDENCIES IN CURRENT THOUGHT.—Afternoon.
Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chairman.

Invocation.
2:00. The Growing Ethical Element in Religion, Rev. F. T. Rouse, Pastor First Congregational Church, Appleton.
2:20. Modifications of Church Organization and Methods, The Rev. Judson Titsworth, Pastor Plymouth Congregational Church, Milwaukee.
2:40. Sociological Lessons for Our Day from the Hebrew Scriptures, ———
3:00. A Definite Program for Social Reform, The Rev. A. C. Grier, Pastor Universalist Church, Racine.
3:20. Discussion of Previous Papers, Led by The Rev. E. H. Smith, Pastor First Congregational Church, Oshkosh.
A Banquet and Reception will be tendered the Congress from 5 to 7 o'clock by the United Workers of the Union Congregational Church.

PROPHETIC VOICES.—Evening.
The Rev. Judson Titsworth, Chairman

7:45. Music. Prayer.
8:00. The Prophecy of History: Or, The Achievements of the Nineteenth Century, The Rev. J. W. Frizzell, Pastor First Congregational Church, Eau Claire, Wis.
8:20. What Next, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, General Secretary Liberal Congress of Religion.
8:40. Expectations—Five-minute anticipations followed by a fifteen-minute summary by the chairman.

A SURVEY OF THE FIELD.—Wednesday, March 1, Morning.
The Rev. E. H. Smith, Chairman.
9:00. The Future of the Congress in Wisconsin—General Discussion.
10:30 Final Adjournment.

Entertainment will be provided for all who attend the Congress by the friends in Green Bay. Persons intending to be present are requested to send their names to the Rev. J. M. A. Spence, Green Bay, Wisconsin, as early as possible.

UNITY

VOLUME XLIV. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1900. NUMBER 24

The Union Signal discovers that the breweries of Milwaukee pay annually into the government enough to provide for the salaries of all the presidents down to McKinley and for fifty years to come. We join with out contemporary in inquiring into the legitimacy of this co-partnership and in working for the time when the United States will go out of the saloon business.

The *Farmers' Call* for February 1 publishes an illustration of the "original corn" which it is claimed is still growing wild in some parts of Mexico. The unique feature of this corn lies in the fact that each kernel is enveloped in a husk as well as the whole ear. The theory is that by long and skillful cultivation the individual husks have been dispensed with and all the kernels are tucked safely and snugly under the one mantle. This is about the thing that culture is doing for men and religious organizations—eliminating the separating husk and teaching them to live together.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the program of the State Congress to be held at Green Bay February 27, 28 and March 1 which we print on our second page. It is an interesting sign of the times,—the dawn of a better fellowship. It is significant because the initiative has been taken by an orthodox minister. The Congress will be the first of the kind ever held in an orthodox church. The free spirit in which so-called orthodox and heterodox combine in call and program indicates the passing of that line and the coming of the time when infidelity will represent unfaithfulness and intellectual dishonesty the arch heresy.

The Illinois law that prohibits the use of the American flag for advertising purposes is a wise one in its intent. It is not well to put a high emblem to base uses. For the same reason it is not only good taste but good morals to keep partisan enthusiasm and controversial distractions out of the great festival days of the Union. This wisdom obtains in the main in the celebration of the fourth day of July and the Lincoln and Washington birthdays. It is on this account that we deeply regret and seriously protest against the purpose, if the newspaper reports are to be relied on, of the Union League Club of Chicago to celebrate Washington's birthday with a great demonstration in the interest of annexation and the imperialistic policy of President McKinley. This may be right or wrong but it certainly is a high handed indignity to beg the ethics of a question over which honest minds and high souls are so distracted on this great National day. To drag the great Washington into the controversy before it is interpreted by the light of history is either an indication of conscious weakness on the part of those seeking to find shelter under the great name or else a bumptious disregard for the conscience of a scrupulous minority. It is announced that President Schurman of Cornell University is to come and exploit this idea. At any other time and under other circumstances Chicago would be glad to hear President Schurman, but his academic standing, the dignity of Cornell, the memory of Washington and the hitherto high dignity of the Union League Club of Chicago are not to be enhanced by introducing the hot and unsettled question of today into a great national and century reaching celebration. Let not the name of Washington be used in what may be a hurried cry for more territory and a mixed argument of piety and commerce, progress and dollars.

A Toronto paper brings forward the story of a hero of the new type which it well says "is too little appreciated by the Christian world that eulogizes those who shed the blood of others in battle and for this are called heroes." A hard working artisan of Montreal, desiring to start in business proposed to sell the home which he had built out of his hard earned money. A widow's seven hundred dollars was agreed upon as the purchase price, but pending the preparation of the necessary legal papers, he declined to accept the money and advised her placing the same in a bank. The bank closed two days after. The artisan was under no legal obligation to the widow, but he executed the papers, delivered the house and began life's struggle over again. Who cares to ask to what church this artisan belonged or whether or not he went to church at all?

The Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, F. C. Southworth, as he travels on his work, keeps his eyes and mind open. He is discovering a truth which it will be well for the constituency he represents to discover also and to heed before it is too late. In the *Old and New* the Iowa monthly advocate of Unitarianism and the missionary organ of Miss Safford, Mr. Southworth, in an article entitled "What the People Seek," says: "Occasional excursions into the field during an interval of three months have taught me one lesson, that is, that the name of a denomination is no longer a name to conjure with in the middle west. Of the minister who enters a new field the question that is asked by the people who have been waiting for his coming is not, 'Does he come as a Methodist, a Baptist, a Universalist or Unitarian,' but rather, 'What is the gospel which he comes to preach; what is his attitude towards the great and living questions with which the present age is concerned?' * * * Heretofore the Unitarian Church has been out on the frontier of the religious forces of the world. It has been an object of suspicion, of ostracism in Christianity. It has accepted the situation and has sometimes even prided itself upon its splendid isolation. * * * Orthodoxy is rapidly changing front; it is concerning itself less

with creeds and more with deeds. It is facing modern problems more and more. * * * Let us take our position not in the rear, but in the van of the forces which are to usher in the kingdom of the Lord."

Chicago Politics.

THE STRUGGLE OF THE PRIMARIES.

Already Chicago is in the toils of the spring elections. Thirty-five new aldermen are to be elected. The Municipal Voters' League, of which Mr. William Kent is President, and Mr. A. B. Pond is Secretary, has already issued a five-column analysis of the character of the outgoing aldermen and in the plainest terms marks the men who have proven themselves unworthy of public confidence and with equal plainness of speech marks those who deserve re-election. Four names are mentioned as contempt-worthy because notwithstanding their written pledge and previous good order which secured for them the support of the League in their election they betrayed the confidence and wrote themselves on "the roll of dishonor" which contains fourteen names.

The League prefaces this plain talk with the encouraging information that for the first time in many years the city now has a council with an honest majority standing out in this respect in hopeful but sad contrast with the neighboring cities of Milwaukee, St. Louis and Indianapolis, where humiliating concessions have recently been made in the way of traction franchises to parties whose 'influence" has been of a suspicious character.

This week the primaries begin in Chicago. The Civic Federation asked the preachers of the city to urge from their pulpits the duty of voters to attend the same, and many of the pulpits responded. But these primaries are in the hands of the party machines. Only those who can establish their credentials as good republicans or good democrats have either a legal or moral right to vote and even these good republicans and good democrats are circumscribed by the party interest, the national prospects and are confronted with the double perplexity of finding a decent alderman who will also serve "the cause" in the next presidential campaign. The most the Municipal Voters' League hopes to accomplish is to secure aldermen who will not steal and to hold a sufficient balance of power to induce both parties to put up decent men or in default to throw an independent contingency in favor of the best man.

We would not be ungrateful for the advance made and for the good work accomplished, but it becomes more and more clear each year that there is no high municipal government possible until municipal interests become supreme, national politics is abrogated and the absurdity of the primary, which is always "fixed" by "workers" still more primary, is supplanted by a system of nomination by petition where good men are called out by their fellow citizens because they are good and the position of an alderman and his office of trust in the municipality is regarded as a responsibility so grave that no decent man will solicit it and no true citizen will refuse it except when the severest limitations of health and preoccupied public services prevent.

The Horrors of War.

The nineteenth century was born while the cannons were roaring and it goes to its grave while the same thunder is pealing. But the wars which saw the opening of the nineteenth century had some excuse. The governments of Europe had formed a coalition against the new republic of France, and the French people, filled with the enthusiasm of their new creation, sprang to the defense of their country and their cause. Having tasted blood, France sent her armies across the borders and wrote the history of the continent in a pen dipped in blood. The war which closes the nineteenth century has not even the slightest pretense to justice. It is rude and barbaric. It is strange indeed that Christian nations should have spent Christmas day in peppering away at each other with bullets.

There exists today no nation that has the right to hurl the first stone at another nation, because all have much to answer for. But in this time of war, when brave men are commended for chivalrous acts, the man on horseback attracts attention and wins plaudits, while the great instructor on foot humanizing life finds none to salute him.

Our school histories are catalogues of battle, detailing in so many figures how many victories have been won, how many lives lost. Go to Paris, to Versailles. There you will find a museum "Consecrated to all the glories of France." You enter it expecting to find the picture of some great counselor, the bust of some immortal painter or sculptor, for France has been the friend of arts. But what do we see? One hundred butcheries continued for 600 years. This is what France calls her glories. All nations follow the same trend, the song of their glories being the history of so much killing.

There have been those to argue that war is necessary to make men patriotic and to turn them away from their peaceful pursuits to the support of the nation. War decides only which side has the greatest armaments, the largest amount of money or the better idea of topographical features of the country in which the campaign may be waged. Bismarck, the iron chancellor, said, "No war is necessary except that where the nation is put to the necessity of waging it to preserve national existence."

Let us apply this to South Africa. No one can claim that the fate of the English empire was hanging in the balance. Never was war begun so frivolously and, I hope, will be so disastrously ended. What little pretext was on the English side could have been explained away. Even if negotiations were unsettled England does not draw the sword in defense of Englishmen or of English principles.

If the glitter of diamonds had never been seen or gold had never been discovered England would not have found it necessary to raise her standard in South Africa.

While we are applauding the sentiments which seem to harmonize with our sympathies let us not forget to give them an effective turn and say that love and peace are better than war. Let us have all international difficulties settled as are those between man and man.

Let us erect a tribunal to listen to the complaints of nations and award justice to whom justice is due and declare the nation an outlaw that declines to submit to arbitration. Until this is done our boasted civilization is a mockery of humanity. Had such a tribunal been in existence England could not have gone to the extremity it has to coerce the boers.

Modern war is scientific butchery. Men are shot from such a distance that their faces cannot be distinguished. The officer stands with the range finder and gives his men the distance that enables them to kill their opponents without being seen. It is cold-blooded butchery, unworthy the followers of the Prince of Peace. Our sympathies are with the weaker in the contest. Many lie wounded on the field of battle, thirsting for assistance after leaving their homes deserted. I honor "Tommy Atkins," but I honor more the men who are fighting for their homes. "Tommy Atkins" is a mercenary, who has sought the army in the hope of winning military glory.

The boers are men of peace, defending their homes and fighting for human liberty. I appeal to you in their behalf not to forget their wounded, but let us contribute generously and send to the noble Red Cross a handsome sum to enable them to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded. My prayer is that the day may soon dawn when ambulances may be needed no longer, when the Jewish prophecy has come true, when "swords will be turned into plowshares and lances into pruning hooks."—*From an Address by Emil G. Hirsch at the Pro-Boer Meeting at Central Music Hall, Chicago, January 27, 1900.*

Good Poetry.

What the Birds Said.

The birds, against the April wind
  Flew northward, singing as they flew;
They sang, "The land we leave behind
  Has swords for corn-blades, blood for dew."

"O wild-birds, flying from the South,
  What saw and heard ye, gazing down?"
"We saw the mortar's upturned mouth,
  The sickened camp, the blazing town!

"Beneath the bivouac's starry lamps,
  We saw your march-worn children die;
In shrouds of moss, in cypress swamps,
  We saw your dead uncoffined lie.

"We heard the starving prisoner's sighs;
  And saw, from line and trench, your sons
Follow our flight with home-sick eyes
  Beyond the battery's smoking guns."

"And heard and saw ye only wrong
  And pain," I cried, "O wing-worn flocks?"
"We heard," they sang, "the Freedman's song,
  The crash of Slavery's broken locks!

"We saw from new, uprising States
  The treason-nursing mischief spurned,
As, crowding Freedom's ample gates,
  The long-estranged and lost returned.

"O'er dusky faces, seamed and old,
  And hands horn-hard with unpaid toil,
With hope in every rustling fold,
  We saw your star-dropt flag uncoil.

"And struggling up through sounds accursed,
  A grateful murmur clomb the air,
A whisper scarcely heard at first,
  It filled the listening heavens with prayer.

"And sweet and far, as from a star,
  Replied a voice which shall not cease,
Till, drowning all the noise of war,
  It sings the blessed song of peace!"

So to me, in a doubtful day
  Of chill and slowly-greening spring,
Low stooping from the cloudy gray,
  The wild-birds sang or seemed to sing.

They vanished in the misty air,
  The song went with them in their flight;
But lo! they left the sunset fair,
  And in the evening there was light.

—*John G. Whittier.*

La Foi Libre.

A REVIEW OF LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.

Liberal Protestantism in France is to have a new organ, "La Foi Libre" (The Free Faith). The Liberal Evangelical Conference held at Montpellier last October, realizing that now when so many questions are pressing in all domains—religious, moral, scientific, philosophic, literary, economic, social—men of liberal evangelical tendencies cannot be silent without failing in their duty as Christians and as Frenchmen, felt that their voice should make itself heard to promote two great objects: living piety and free science. Unwilling to see "on the one hand, science growing ever more irreligious, and on the other, religion, ever less enlightened and less liberal" the Conference voted to establish a review and appointed a committee to consider ways and means. The aims and scope of the new publication are thus set forth in "Le Protestant," Paris:

"We wish to take up in the same spirit, the task which was undertaken by 'La Vie Christienne.' For ten years this review did a brave work for liberal faith and living piety. We would also carry on the tradition successfully maintained in the bosom of our churches by the 'Disciple de Jesus Christ,' the 'Libre Recherche,' and the 'Revue de Strasbourg.' Due attention will be given in our publication to edification properly so-called, to theology, philosophy, moral and religious questions; literature and art in their relations to Christian faith; to the serious social problems of our day, whose solution we believe will largely be found in the gospel of Christ well understood and faithfully applied, and the other questions touching the very existence and prosperity of the country; questions of truth and justice for all, questions of evangelization, of missions among pagan peoples and in our Colonies, etc.

"We undertake such a review in faith, and turn for assistance and support to those of our brothers who believe as we do, that the future belongs to Protestantism comprehended in its profound and beneficent reality, and who see in emancipation from all human authority, in the rejection of every yoke, doctrinal and ecclesiastical, an indispensable condition of harmony between science and faith. It is in this gospel, too, that souls thirsting for truth, justice and love, souls which hail in Christ their Saviour and the perfect model of the religious life, can find genuine and full satisfaction.

"The first number of 'La Vie Christienne' contained the following lines: 'To reconcile modern liberal culture with the positive and fruitful Christian life by stripping from each the heterogeneous elements which corrupt and paralyze them; to produce Christians who are fully men and men who are sincerely Christian; to banish all hypocrisy from our thought as well as from our actions; to prove by reasoning and by example that a piety without culture and a culture without

piety both are in degeneracy and sterility but that they mutually fructify and strengthen one another; to dissipate misunderstandings and prejudices, rouse consciences, warm hearts, strengthen good intentions; to be at once light and heat; to show to our people a living religion which shall not be a menace to liberty, and a regulated liberty which shall not be a menace to religion; this in all its amplitude, but also with all its difficulties, is the work of sound edification which it is more urgent than ever to accomplish.'

"These words, written by M. Auguste Sabatier, of Paris, formulate our program in the happiest fashion.

"One word as to our ecclesiastical attitude. Need we say that it is not our intention to prop up barriers or make more prominent the lines which separate us from our orthodox brothers? We believe rather that in founding this review we shall promote the very desirable work of conciliation. * * * Union is possible only between living elements. We hope and believe that we shall bring new force to our principles. The task of diffusing our ideas and defending our convictions is one of sincerity and of life and our review, it seems to us, should be a unifying power."

Subscriptions should be addressed to Rev. N. Bertrand, Rue Gretery, 13 Nimes, France.

M. E. H.

Among the Buddhists of Japan.

Except in their religious architecture, the art of Japan is petty and puny. It consists largely in folding screens, vases, pottery and exquisitely decorating little things with beautiful little pictures. These pictures have thus a very limited range of artistic material, such as birds, flowers, domestic and national landscape. I have not seen in all Japan a picture, a statue that excited noble emotions. Apparently they are dead to the higher emotions and, except in one particular, to the higher ranges of art. But that one particular is very honorable to them. It is in the location and building of temples and places of worship. Wherever there is a noble mountain or a wild view which, in its solitariness whispers "God," or a lovely landscape, you may be sure to find a shrine. They have consecrated their grand pine trees to the service of Buddha. The Criptomeria, I take it, is akin to the great California redwood trees. They are emphatically the trees of God—growing to enormous height and proportions. The great places of worship in Japan are surrounded by these almost spiritual trees, pillars, I had almost said, grown to honor God. Then the temples themselves are marvels of a peculiar religous art, to be found nowhere save in Japan. Each race produces its own distinctive religious architecture. The Campanile can only be found in Italy; the Mosque in Mohammedan countries; the cathedrals among the Protestants; the Buddhist temple only in Asia. There are no sharp lines in the structures. They are on the outside overloaded with grotesque ornaments. Invariably they are approached by a peculiar gate, called Fossii, to be found nowhere else in the whole world. The test of a religious structure, no matter of what religion, is the atmosphere of awe and reverence which it creates, or in other words, the directness with which it whispers to the waiting soul "God" or Gods. And in this regard, the Buddhist and Shinto temples of Japan are unexcelled. I have seen the masterpieces of all the great religions (save those of India); the temples upon the Nile; the Parthenon, St. Sophia and St. Peters, but none of these are superior to the shrines of Nikko or Nara or the new temple at Kyoto. This last is Japan's masterpiece. Almost a dozen years ago, the old temple was burned. An appeal for means was followed by $10,000,000 of money. The women of Japan who were too poor to give gold or silver, contributed their hair, out of which ropes were made to help build the temple itself. These ropes now hang under the temple roof, as great mementoes of the piety of the women of Japan, the most of whom are still living. The interior of this grand house of Buddha is sublime and raises the religious sentiment to the highest pitch. Everything is exquisitely clean and perfumed with constantly burning incense. The command, "Take off thy shoes, this is holy ground," is religiously obeyed. Everywhere are statues of the saintly Buddha, the Light of Asia. On every hand, thousands of people are heard, repeating their "Namu Amidu Buddha," and the marvel is that all this religious emotion is aroused without the aid of music. The Japanese seem to be totally lacking in this, the finest of all the fine arts. I cannot comprehend why this is so.

It is the fashion to say, "Buddhism is dead," at least. But this great temple, so perfectly new, does not look like it. When a Japanese is told of this fact by a Christian, he at once responds, "Look at home. How many of your leading men are Christian, except from policy? How much of your Old Testament is there left? If one point to your new churches, everywhere, being erected, where is there one costing $10,000,000 and to which the women of the United States have dedicated their greatest ornament—their beautiful hair? And yet the charge that Buddhism is a decaying religion is true. It has as many sects and divisions as Christianity, while it has a hold on the people that still makes it an enormous power, while it controls all the cemeteries of Japan and no baby is born, whose name is not entered on the Temple register and so it enters into and becomes a part of every household, yet the religion that it supplies is very puerile. A few mechanically repeated prayers, beautiful temples in which to say them—over 200,000 among a people of 40,000,000 and frequent festivals, where everybody is amused, is the substance of practical Buddhism. It may be asked, what more does the Great Church do for Russia or the Catholics for Europe, and the answer is painfully unsatisfactory, and yet the Catholics do supply their people with what is totally lacking in Japan,—orphanages, hospitals and homes for the disabled. The priests, so say the educated Japanese, and the higher classes, are densely ignorant and often grossly immoral. Their principal avocation is selling prayers and charms. Probably there is more or less truth in this. The upper circles of Japan are all agnostics and followers of Herbert Spencer and the Scientific School, represented by Huxley and Mill. When the thoughtful Buddhist is taunted with this fact, he again replies to the Christian, "How much better off are you in the United States or England? Do not your Christian nations rob us whenever they get a chance? Do they respect anything except a stronger military and naval force? Has Christianity ever stopped intemperance? Does it control municipal thieving, say, in Chicago or any other Christian American city?"

Unfortunately, we Christians must plead guilty to these indictments. Unfortunately for controversy with Buddhism the morality of Japan is greatly superior to that of the United States. While we are in advance of the Japanese in truthfulness and purity of women, still in other respects we are so much behind Japan that it is unsafe to test our respective religions by their products in morality. And yet Christianity is vastly the better religion. It is deeper in its God concept and in its grasp upon the great spiritualities and especially in its doctrines of the future life, to which this present is only the kindergarten. The Japanese have no conception of God, of sin or of an offense against the Most High. The Christian religion has the advantage of being optimistic. We make no sacrifices to the devil,

or to Evil Spirits. There is not a Buddhist temple that has not its Devil images to placate, which is one of their greatest religious duties and practices.

My trip to Japan more than ever convinces me that all religions spring from the same root—the religious sentiment and are alike in their principal phenomena. They are all creations of race, climate, heredity and environment. Buddhism is a very good religion for Asia, but it would not do at all for the Anglo-Saxon. It is the same with Mohammedanism. For this reason the converts to Christianity, among adult male Buddhists and Mohammedans are very few. Their idea, that God will in the final audit, cast all Buddhists into hell, is simply so blasphemous that no one now ever repeats a text which, fifty years ago, was daily repeated among us Christians.

In conclusion: While all religions are efforts to find and placate God and are, therefore, Sisters, and we have no right to call any religion "false," yet all the same, in my opinion, Christianity will ultimately displace them all, for the simple reason that it is their superior. And for that same reason, my sympathies are all with the noble God-fearing consecrated missionaries, who both here and in India and China, are fighting against such fearful odds. They are certainly, here in Japan, influencing public opinion for the better and the best. While everything is against them, foreign power, the government, and the majority, still in the end they will prevail. "With God all things are possible," "One with Him is a majority."

D. P. BALDWIN.

Kobi, Japan, Nov. 29, 1899.

One Day.

One day life's bitter mockeries—
Tears gaily masked by smiling jest,
Heart tragedies in tinsel dressed—
Shall pass, and lo! the long-delayed,
For which the soul has, panting, prayed,
The curtain's fall, and rest, rest, rest!

HELEN HAWTHORNE.

Independence in Thought Through Nature.

"Reformation Without Tarrying for Any," was the title under which Robert Browne expounded the doctrines of Congregationalism. From then to now, from him to UNITY, is not a long distance in thought, though up and down the way has led. But I sometimes wonder if simple country and fisher folk do not win their independence in thinking through patience rather than through Browne's advocacy of haste and also because they must have their way, somehow in something, since they are so dependent on weather,—for worldly success.

Yet with all their self-determination, no farmer or fisherman was ever so prosperous as Muller, the man dependent on perpetual, petitional, prayer on behalf of his orphan asylums, perhaps because neither farmer nor fisherman has $85,000 with which to back up his prayers as had Muller!

It is the something, however, in living out of doors that makes one decide for one's self about the mysteries of life. There is more reverent agnosticism in the country than in the city. Neither ritual nor immersion in cold waters take away the dependence of a countryman upon himself, since he is compelled to create favorable conditions or else succumb before material obstacles. He may be shy before women or "grumpy" with "bumptious" men, but in the depths of his heart he knows that self-reliance is the only leverage with which he can get life into his soul or win outward success. So he works with a will, settles doctrines to suit himself and does a lot of thinking outside of church lines and then goes and disputes over non-essentials from sheer pleasure in argument.

In a certain little seaside district Baptist and Episcopalian work out together their road-taxes as Conservatives or Liberals in politics, but as far as creed goes each adds to or subtracts from his own according to his individual moods. "I am an Episcopalian," said one of its men, "when it comes to burying me, other times I think as I please."

"I am a Baptist," said another man, "when it comes to fixing up the children, all other ways I suit myself." Both of them, each year votes on his church affairs and then relapses into letting things alone for twelve months, as he knows that meantime he has got enough to do to mind his own business and that the church, Baptist or 'Piscopal, will get along best if he does not loosen it with his increasing doubts about infallible creeds or Bible. None the less, out of his independent attitude grows a deepening conviction that he has to account to God for himself only, so he bothers himself as little about Church authority over daily affairs as he does about tariff regulations; he will dodge either when he can.

Yet in that very district the childhood's habit of repeating the church service carried into manhood's familiarity with it exercises a restraining force that makes for character. The men cannot remember when there were not down-sittings and uprisings and ceremonials of ritual, they recall their confirmation day and feel a proud loyalty to the universal phraseology of the church service. Its very formality has a part in making them law-abiding and civil.

Their neighbors, the Baptists, have the same sense of loyalty to the statement that no one ever took cold by being baptized "in the open," moreover, the mutual confessions of the prayer meeting acts as boomerangs upon any hypocrisy in motives. Still the simple ordinances of Congregationalism vested in the independence of each man are more akin to nature's methods of worship. He may subscribe to a creed, but need not follow a formula in prayer, the prayer meeting itself often becoming a vent for his incoherent aspirations. Though Christ is the Mediator, doctrinally, he knows that as a Congregationalist he and his God settle things together. He means no disrespect by his free speech, it is simply his way of expressing his opinion that God is.

This independence of thought and attitude is the essence of Congregationalism, and also the prelude to the growing liberal religious thought that shall make us all care more for sympathy in religion than for the sympathies of religions. In inchoate fashion the Independent knows he has got to do his part in reform, that is in making the world better and he means to do it, once a year at least. Meanwhile he will pray his own prayers,—send his children to Sunday school, perhaps;—tell other people to go to church,—do his own thinking and each autumn find himself farther ahead in the spirit of Congregationalism than was ever conceived of by Browne when he wrote of Christ as King and reigning through those who guided their lives by the Holy Ghost.

The farmers' independence has been helped right along by his nearness to Nature. He may never have read Shelley's Cloud, but he knows that the Cloud obeys a force greater than Church ordinances and that he himself is free only in so far as he makes use of Nature's laws, though he may be constantly balked by his ignorance. This kinship to Nature and patience of soul developed by waiting on her mandates makes him the Independent in thought, whatever he may be by formal church connections. From such independence grows his democracy of opinion which makes him as good relatively to another as the next man; and if others do not think he is, why he knows he is and takes comfort in doing his own jobs in thought. But unlike Browne he is not going to be in a hurry about making up his mind or doing anything, unless a shower is going to spoil his hay.

KATE GANNETT WELLS.

The Pulpit.

"The Miracle at Markham."

A Study of Church Union.

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, PREACHED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, DECEMBER 10, 1898.

A few weeks ago I brought you a sermon based on Charles M. Sheldon's book entitled "In His Steps." I told you of its marvelous, now said to be upward of 3,000,000 copies circulation, and tried to discover the secrets of its popularity, finding the question at last partly answered in the fact of its simplicity of statement, its directness of aim; in the fact that it honestly faced and undertook to answer some of the common perplexities of our day. In other words, it is an attempt to transfer the interest of the churches from questions of dogmatic theology to questions of practical ethics. It is a call away from the subtleties of creed to the practical moralities of Jesus; an attempt to apply some of the Bible commonplaces, to express the ten commandments and the golden rule in terms of ethics or, if you please, to change Christian pretension to a little wholesome Christian practice.

This morning I bring to you the study of another book by the same author. A book less famous than "In His Steps," but a book with as clear a message, a more clear prescription. There is not much to be claimed for "The Miracle at Markham" in a literary way. Like "In His Steps," it was first read on successive Sunday evenings as a pulpit exercise in the First Congregational Church of Topeka, Kansas; afterwards published as a serial in the Ram's Horn of Chicago. There is a little more love in this book than in the other and the love stories are a little better managed and more successfully serve the purpose of sustaining the interest and carrying the argument.

"In His Steps" is an appeal for honesty in the church, sincerity on the part of individual members, an attempt to bring those inside the fold up to their own pretensions. In "The Miracle at Markham" our author pleads for co-operation and finally a corporate life between the churches. It is indeed a story argument for church union. In these simple pages whose only claim for art lies in their apparent sincerity and their artless directness, Mr. Sheldon has tried to show how in the multiplicity of churches the spiritual and physical resources of a community are distracted and wasted. And further along he shows how much there is that the churches might do together and how much can be accomplished by even a partial and clumsy co-operation.

Markham is a little conventional Ohio town of only twenty-eight hundred people, but a town that could boast in the language of the real estate agent's circular "that every denomination was represented, so that everybody's religious preferences might be gratified." The Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Adventists, Christians, Episcopalians, Free-will Baptists, United Presbyterians, Cumberland Presbyterians, Reformed Presbyterians and Roman Catholics each had organized societies. Besides these the Christian Science, the Church of God, the Free Methodist, United Brethren, Salvation Army and American Volunteers had groups that held their meetings more or less regularly. Seven of these denominations had their buildings on the same street within a few blocks of one another, the best street in town of course; while in the "factory district" there was but one church building. Nine of these twelve churches were in debt, six of them had their property mortgaged. The average salary paid to the ministers was less than one thousand dollars. And in the face of these twelve churches there were fifteen saloons in the town in which the mayor had large vested property interests. There was a notoriously corrupt town council and an increasing population of factory workers whose children ran the streets, undergoing the training that some day would make them fit recruits for the so-called criminal classes; while Sunday laws and Sunday quiet were ruthlessly violated by boisterous sports and shameless drunkenness.

The pastor of the Congregationalist Church in Markham was a college graduate, Rev. John Proctor. And the story opens with the great shock which this good man and his wife received one morning in a letter from their only son William, who was well along in his seminary course at Andover, saying that he had made up his mind to abandon his divinity studies, that he could not be a minister. During his summer vacation he had been supplying at Granby, a little Massachusetts town of three thousand people, where there were eight churches not counting the Catholic. The Congregationalist Church, that paid twelve hundred a year and the parsonage, was without a pastor; they had had six in twelve years and there were some thirty applications on file with the committee for a hearing. The result of this summer experience upon Proctor was that he had lost his respect for the ministry though not for religion. He had ceased to be in sympathy with the church methods though more impressed than ever with the need of moral instruction and of ethical earnestness. His sister Jane at least sympathized with him for she had seen the hard, grinding, thankless life of the minister. She said: "I do not blame Will any. What he says of Granby is true of thousands of towns and cities all over the country. Why should he be one more man to struggle after a little church and then struggle with it? Just look at the ministers in Markham. * * * I know this very well, mother, I shall never marry a minister." Although at that very time the man towards whom her heart was tending was Francis Randall, the dean's son, who was struggling out west in a Colorado mining town of twelve hundred people, trying to build up a little Episcopal church where there were already six organizations and four buildings.

Here we have the love problems of the book: The Andover girl to whom William Proctor was betrothed, crucified her heart and cancelled her engagement because her lover was turning his back upon the highest calling and as it seemed to her had proved disloyal to his Christian obligation and opportunity. And the western girl was doing violence to her heart in the same way because her hero would persist in being a minister.

A convenient fire burned down the Congregational Church of Markham one night and thus helped along our story in its attempt to solve the problem in hand. At the fire Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopal and the other ministers worked with a will; realizing where the greater loss would be they rallied and with splendid bravery succeeded in saving Elder Proctor's library. With soiled garments, dishevelled hair and singed eyebrows, they conquered the flames and carried the books to a place of safety. Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist hastened to offer to the dismantled church the use of their auditorium while they were rebuilding. And Dean Randall of the Episcopal Church wanted sorely to do the same thing, and a week later did do it, notwithstanding the canonical complications of the Episcopal Church. As might be expected all the preachers of the town preached better and all the people in the pews listened better

for this spasm of good fellowship, this practical demonstration of a common interest and a common energy.

William's letter, though such a bitter blow to Parson Proctor, had worked its way into the brain as well as the heart of the scholar, and, to the surprise of everybody, at the meeting called to take steps for the rebuilding, he counselled hesitation, while the deacons were ready to commit themselves to stone rather than to wood or brick. The wise and cautious minister arose and gave them "plain facts about the churches in Markham," and proceeded to give five reasons why instead of rebuilding they had better unite with some of the other churches that there might be less dead capital in the religious investments of Markham and more living force. It was a bitter disappointment to some of the stalwarts who had always been Congregationalists, but the better sense prevailed and the Congregationalists went over to the Presbyterians. And now there were at least two pastors to work in one church and a double congregation to follow and to help. Gradually the ministers and church members of the town who had found themselves energized with the single purpose in saving the Congregationalist Church and the library of its pastor from the flames, found themselves working together, fighting other fires in the town of Markham, fires more dangerous than that which consumed the old church on the corner. John Proctor counted at least five fires in the fighting of which all the churches could join. They were:

1. The fire of the saloon that threatened every home.

2. The fire of Sunday desecration growing more coarse and open every year.

3. The fire of the neglected factory distracted with vice and crime rapidly on the increase.

4. The fire of corrupt, selfish, political control of the town which was endangering the best life of the municipality and burning within the state.

5. The fire of wasteful amusements, that which was draining the time and energy of the young without giving any adequate return.

There may have been difference of opinion as to the best method of procedure or as to the details of the danger and the remedy, but there was no possible difference of opinion concerning the main issues, any one of which fires were obviously so well under way, already so aggressive that they could be controlled and suppressed only by the united effort of all the best elements in town.

I cannot give more of the book. You can read it for yourselves if you have not already. Suffice it to say that the remedy in the book shows how this process of co-operation went on, enlisting the united efforts of Catholic and Protestant, preachers and pews, and the working out of the problem at Markham touched the lives at Pyramid and at Andover until at last the Ohio girl was glad to marry the minister and the Massachusetts girl married the man of her first choice who turned out to be a minister after all.

There is nothing fantastic about the scheme presented in "The Miracle at Markham." There is nothing in it that is new. There is nothing in it that will not challenge the verbal approval of every orthodox Christian minister in the city of Chicago. It is their common claim and I am glad to believe it is their common prayer. The only difficulty lies in its application. All the churches profess to stand for the common interests of Christianity. They are arrayed against the foes of virtue. They think they are committed to the wellbeing of society, but when the statistics are compiled, when the annual reports are in, when the invested energy is traced, described and catalogued it is found that over and above their zeal for Christianty lies their zeal for Methodism, Presbyterianism, Catholicism, or whatever the denominational label may be.

The problem of the churches at Markham, as offered in this story, was an easy one. It was simply to rally around the commonplaces of their own creeds, to stand under the one banner of Christ and do the work for him which their own creeds described and prescribed. In short, it was a movement for Christian unity and how benign a movement that would be, how necessary it is, but as interpreted by the ministers of Markham, as represented in the logic of this book, Markham is an unreal town, the like of which is not found in all the state of Ohio, unless it contained many splendid elements and powerful workers, that were not enlisted in any one of the twelve churches of Markham.

And what is going to be done with these forces? Is it not possible to extend the radius line so that the circle described thereby will fall on the outside of all the forces that make for virtue, knowledge and righteousness within the boundaries of Markham?

Suppose there had been at Markham a Unitarian or Universalist Church, a Jewish synagogue or an Ethical Culture society? What would the ministers have done about it? There is but little doubt left in my mind as to where the logic of the little story would land us. It would have to include the Unitarian and the Ethical Culturist and the Jew, aye, the agnostic or the scientist if he so chose to call himself, in every task in which these societies would have interest and with which they would have sympathy. The Jew would touch elbows with the Methodist, stand side by side with the Catholic and take the word of command from a Presbyterian if he were endowed for the captaincy in fighting for civic righteousness, in trying to put down gambling, in the attempt to drive drunkenness and ignorance from the town. The wise agnostic, the social scientist would join with the Presbyterian heart and soul in trying to secure one rational day of rest in seven, in ameliorating sickness and suppressing crime. In other words, there is left outside of the book a bigger problem than that which is discussed inside. Christian unity is a high ideal, but religious unity is a higher ideal and, as I believe, it was the ideal of the man of Nazareth. He seemed to think that co-operation was independent of names or theories. It was he who said: "Why of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" It was he who said: "Neither do I condemn thee; go sin no more;" and, "Why callest thou me good? There is but one good and that is God the Father." It was he who justified the humble unbelief of the publican and condemned the arrogant belief of the Pharisee. In the face of the thinking of today there is no stopping place between the willing bondage of Rome, where the final truth is declared unto the sinner and which it is his business to accept, and the absolute freedom of reason where the soul standeth or falleth by its own integrity. Unity of life and co-operation of spirit comes not in the uniformity of belief but in the community of needs, the unity of the march, the co-operation of those who stand confronted by the common foes of selfishness, ignorance and wickedness.

The only fault I have to find with the spirit, purpose and logic of this book is that it does not go far enough. Instead of being a manifestation of an extravagant spirit and an impractical dream I hold it an inadequate statement of the obvious demand of our day. The best thinking in all the churches, the highest inspiration in class room, church room, in library and workshop, have outreached it. In all these places there is daily felt a sense of kinship that strikes out beyond the farthest line of Christianity, that stops not to note the label on Jew or Gentile; the circle of whose scripture swings around the field in which are found Buddha's precepts, Confucius' wisdom, Mo-

hammed's stalwart strength and Socrates' benign serenity, all of which add glory to the burning page of the prophets and the golden text of the gospel.

You ask how is this larger religious unity to be realized? Let our answers come with or without the help of the book.

First, by a recognition of the ideal itself. Let the ideal be enforced by statement and by illustration. Twelve ministers of Markham were restless within the limitation which the denominational interests had imposed upon them before the fire claimed the spire of the Congregationalist Church. The fire did but give an opportunity for a practical exemplification of the spirit that was already chafing for utterance. We cannot concentrate the energies of the community upon a fractional interest or a partial claim. The whole energy of the community will rise only when the whole interest of the community are at stake. The Markham plan involved neighborhood circles, where the citizens of each block undertook to get acquainted with each other, and met in each other's houses for prayer, meditation and consultation. Let us put this test to ourselves. How many of us know the fellow citizens in the block in which we live? Let any one of us walk around the square in which our house is located in this rectangular city, this afternoon and ask himself, "How many of these people do I know; what are the interests that bind us; what are the inspirations that unite us; what will make for the sanitation of this little block in which I live, physically, morally, intellectually, religiously? Would it not be a curious gathering to see all the adult members of one block gathered together in one room to take counsel of the interests they hold in common? To try to differentiate such a crowd by any theological line of demarkation, even any Christian or race test would be less satisfactory perhaps than to divide them by the color of their hair or the cut of their coats. The Markham plan is the true plan. The religious unit is the community and the most available lines of organization are the geographical lines, morals and religion must learn wisdom from our civic economy that handles its problems from precincts to wards, wards to cities, cities to states, states to nations, nations to an organized world. We can at least hold up the ideal.

In the second place we can more and more dedicate our churches to the everyday service of the community they aim to serve; make our meeting houses places of meeting of all the high interests not otherwise provided for. This makes the Church-of-the-Open-Door, the Church-of-Seven-Days activity, the church however humble in its architecture that is the cathedral for the community of which it is a center in so far as that community chooses to use it.

On my table lies "The Open Church Magazine." Twenty years ago that would suggest some kind of an heretical church, a "creedless church," a church that would admit without a dogmatic test and welcome the soul, independent of his theological convictions. As a matter of fact, this magazine today does represent the "working church," the church whose door is open seven days in the week. It is the organ of the so-called "Institutional Church" that recognizes its prime obligation to the community of which it is a center; that undertakes to house all the houseless industries of the spirit. Under its roof tree babes are taught to carol their kindergarten songs; wild and rude boys are brought in from the streets to be tamed; friendless girls are invited into social fellowship; women come to work together for others; and fathers and mothers come to discuss the high problems of thought and duty. The open church today means the church where poets are allowed to testify, and art is invoked as a helper. No matter how many churches there may be in the community only so they keep their doors unlocked, invoke co-operation; then will the miracle in Markham be repeated and they will find themselves only so many chapels in the one great minster and by a law of absorption and assimilation their numbers will be reduced in order that their usefulness be increased. Unthinkable creeds, theological errors have never been disproven, they are always outgrown. There never have been any false doctrines in the world except belated ones. They are all true so long as they are vital. They are all false when they become impotent. The true test of a church formula is the same as the test of a church building,—"Does it work?" "Is it serviceable?" If so, let it live. If not, let it alone, for it will die quick enough if it is not dead already.

The churches of Markham did not come together to discuss bonds of union or bases of co-operation. They simply began to co-operate; they did something. The Lord of life attended to the rest.

This open church makes its own work and demands workers. The wisdom of John Proctor appears not in the fact that he threw his weight against the rebuilding of the burned church, that he argued "there are churches enough already," but in the fact that he did not leave the town and go elsewhere to find a bigger field. When he said: "There is work enough for two ministers in this town backed by an adequate congregation," he spoke the prophetic word. Religious unity multiplies the tasks and calls not for one but for many workers. The open church is an industry and needs all the appliances that belong to industry,—telephones, typewriters, stenographers, printing presses, the multiplicity of rooms and the best labor and time saving appliances are as much needed to advance the industries of the spirit, to make effective the business of cementing life and elevating the community, promoting the kingdom of God on earth, establishing justice among men, as they are needed on the exchange or in the factory.

Will we go on equipping our schools, postoffices, colleges, libraries, museums, aye, our shoe factories and cotton mills, with all the contrivances that intelligent ingenuity can devise, while we leave the union church to struggle along with about the same primitive equipment that the Puritan forefathers had, still trying to plow the spiritual fields with the wooden plow and to weave the religious fabric, the spiritual tapestry with a rickety loom run by foot power?

We can never measure the full power that wrought the miracle at Markham until we have a church brought down to date, equipped with the modern improvements, used by the skilled labor that comes from training, culture and the freedom to apply the same.

The last instrument developed in Markham that I wish to speak of is that instrument for which Mr. Sheldon plead effectively in his more famous book, and that is, an emancipated press, a newspaper run not for greed, but for principle; a paper that would be independent of advertisers and subscribers. Who can estimate the awful handicap which modern society, the cause of morals and religion, carries today for want of that appreciation of the power of the press that would release it from the tyranny of the advertiser, the whim of the subscriber and the domination of the "boss"? Only those who are on the inside can know how many men in the newspaper force of Chicago are compelled to write up that which they think down, to promote editorially what they condemn in the privacy of their own heart. The heiress at Raymond gave half her fortune that that town might have a paper committed to the eternalities rather than the temporalities of the town, a paper that would not be compelled each week either to crucify the conscience or starve the printer. In Markham

the united church found itself helpless to cope with the awful evils of the saloon, the mighty power of the "machine," until they had pooled their earnings and given to the town the *Markham Uaion* that would and could speak for the full counsels of righteousness and stand unintimidated in the interest of the best things in the community rather than be trailed behind the muddy wagon of partisan politics, unscrupulous speculation, nasty patent medicines and the countless humbugs of the day.

Friends, I believe that something like the miracle in Markham is being wrought today in every town, is being realized in the communities of America. It is not given me, it may not be given you to make the dollars that will open the road to this higher unity, to endow the paper that will try to give to the people what they ought to have rather than what they ask for. A paper where limitations will then of human ignorance, not deliberate depravity for money's sake.

If no money is given us, no responsibility rests with us there, but it is for us to live, live, live more true to this ideal; to work, work, work still more in this direction, never stopping to ask when or how, resting rather in the conviction that when we have done all that is in our power, then with God be the rest! He in His infinite wisdom, aye, in His infinite mercy will deal with those who have been untrue to their part of the contract and have refused their co-operating hand in the work which He has entrusted to His children. For man is saved by man and the world is redeemed by those who live in the world. The kingdom of heaven must be established on earth by the residents of earth. The miracle in Markham turns out to be no miracle after all. It is but the simple working out of the inexorable laws of God; the slow but sure realization of an expected effect wrought out by a known cause.

Nathan the Wise.

There is not enough action or passion in Lessing's poem to justify calling it a drama, but vivacity of dialogue, joined with attractiveness of sentiment gave it some temporary success on the German stage. The scene is laid at Jerusalem during the crusades; and the heroine is shocked to see men presume to fight for God. High above the priests who call their path to heaven the only one, and who care more for the Christian name than for the tie of human brotherhood, stands Sultan Saladin with his heart and hand open to all the needy, whatever their religion. Nobler still is the Jew who consoles himself, when his wife and sons fall victims to the crusaders, by adopting an orphan child of the blood-stained church. He treats her as his own daughter except that he does not try to make her a Jewess. He teaches her to love and honor what is best in all religions; and the story ends in his placing her contentedly in her brother's care.

Such a character was all the more impressive because it was known to be copied from that of Lessing's friend, Moses Mendelssohn, who had said, in defending the rights of his race, "What is the best government to be recommended for the church? None." "Neither State nor Church is a competent judge in theological matters; for the members of society could not concede that right to either." "Neither has a right to submit the principles and persuasions of men to any compulsion whatsoever." "All swearing to, as well as all swearing away of, principles and dogmas is inadmissible." "The State is not qualified to attach income, dignity, and privilege to certain distinct dogmas." "All ecclesiastical restraint is unlawful, all external authority in theological matters usurpation."

—*Frederic M. Holland.*

The Sunday School.

A Course of Study in the Non-Biblical Jewish Writings.

NOTES FROM THE MOTHERS' NORMAL CLASS OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO.

XII.

Prepared by E. H. W.

THE PSALMS OF SOLOMON.

MEMORY TEXT:

The holy of the Lord shall inherit life in gladness.

The twenty-five topics which we have arranged for our study this year consist chiefly of fragments, compositions, classics, now in prose now in poetry, now historical now mythical, sometimes written in Jerusalem but more often in Alexandria, and all belonging to the three hundred years just preceding the birth of Jesus or so soon after this event as to be untouched by its influence. In this period of strain we often find writers yielding to the temptation of hiding themselves by projecting their compositions back into earlier centuries for two reasons: First, that they might not be found out; second, that their message might have more weight. Even now we have a very slight conception of the cost and value of mental products and in that far-off age there seemed to be no sense at all of rights in this direction. In that age I would have written a prayer for David or a psalm for Solomon with perfect complacency and, on the other hand, if I had found anything written by these authors which would serve my purpose I should have had no hesitation in taking it bodily.

In this lesson we probably come to a point later than any we have yet touched. Sometime between 48 and 67 of the first century, B.C., a little group of eighteen psalms were written, good ones, very like the psalms in the Bible, written for the very same purpose and not much later than some of them, a group that show certain signs of one authorship. They are called the Psalms of Solomon, although Solomon lived some nine hundred years before they were written. The man who wrote them probably assigned them to Solomon because, according to the nursery standards of Judea, he was the "wisest man that ever lived," and because he had builded the temple. There were already a number of Psalms which were assigned to David and this unknown author may have thought it a pity King Solomon had not some psalms and he would write some for him; or perhaps he said he would dedicate them to Solomon and the copyist failed to use the word dedicate.

We have gotten through the heroic period of the Maccabees and now we come upon a great amount of undignified, unwholesome family quarrel and competition. Rome was now coming on the stage very rapidly and the disunion in Jerusalem gave an opportunity to Pompey, who was moving rapidly in that direction with a Roman army. He brought his battering-rams from the coast and knocked down the walls of the fortress near the temple. While he was devastating Jerusalem, trouble began in Egypt and he started out to quiet an insurrection in Alexandria, but on the way he fell into the hands of the Egyptians, who cut off his head and left his body to rot unburied. Now it is a reference to just this little episode of history that enables the scholars to locate these psalms in time,—a very common method of determining the age of undated writings.

The title page reads, "Psalms of the Pharisees" with the sub-title, "Commonly Called the Psalms of Solomon." These psalms were conceived at a time when

home politics was seething over three, or perhaps four names—Sadducees, Pharisees, Zealots, Essenes. "Pharisee" and "Sadducee," as you know, are New Testament words, but the Christian interpretation of the New Testament gives a very poor concept of these terms. The key to the situation of the New Testament lies in an understanding of these characters. From the New Testament we get a very disagreeable impression of the Pharisees. Jesus seldom spoke of them except in terms of condemnation. The Pharisee is a much more lovable character than we would infer from the New Testament.

The word Sadducee is derived from the word Zadok, the name of the leading priest in the temple in the time of Solomon, according to the story. When they undertook to re-establish the temple after the captivity and lay out a new program in Babylon under the inspiration of Ezekiel and the later Isaiah they said, we must have only pure blood in this reform, only those who are direct descendants of Zadok. That was away back in the fourth century; now, three hundred years afterwards, at the time these psalms were written, we find the people of Jerusalem divided into a conservative and a progressive party. The conservative party said: Keep out your improvements; just give us a little old-fashioned Mosaic law, the Torah, the Pentateuch; let us have a straight old-fashioned temple service without its slaughter-house attachment in which beasts are sacrificed. We belong to the party of Zadok; we are Zadokites, Sadducees.

What class of society would naturally take this position? Why, the plain, practical business man, the wealthy man, the man who lived on "Beacon Hill," the man who claimed to have "blue blood" in his veins, bluer than anybody's else, the aristocrat, proud of his origin, proud of his house, proud of his income, proud of his religion. The Sadducee represented the conservative, respectable aristocracy.

"Pharisee" comes from a word which means "separatist." The Pharisee was a separatist and in that sense he became an aristocrat, but a very different kind of aristocrat from the Sadducee. His was the aristocracy of piety. The Pharisee said: Not only is the Pentateuch binding, but so are the reforms of Isaiah, the prophets and the psalm-singers; and so also are the teachings of the rabbis.

The Pharisees occupied the same relation to the Pentateuch that the Catholic church and perhaps the Episcopal church, to a certain degree, do to our Bible. Both believe it is inspired, that it is "the word of God," that it contains all we need. The Protestant says the Bible is the only word of God, but the Catholic says the revelation of God is the Bible plus the church, plus the elaborations of the church; all the popes, all the cardinals and all the councils have an authoritative word. And the Episcopal church says, not only in the Bible but in the church itself dwells a commanding authority; the stream of inspiration passes down through the finger-tips of bishops, in the apostolic succession.

Now the Pharisee was the man who believed not only in the law with all the continuities, of the Bible itself but in the teachings of the rabbis, their refinements and elaborations. His "separateness" came from his very piety, the very fulness of his faith. He represented the democrat, the man who believed in the people, who wanted to save the people, who believed that Yahweh was working for the people through the people. He was rigid in his ethics, his morality.

The third class was that of the Zealots, who come into the New Testament by inference only. The Zealots believed that Pharisee and Sadducee alike were coquetting with the devil and compromising with the world. They said, "The only true position is that Yahweh himself is the direct ruler of the world; that there is no intermediate agency." The piety of the Zealot was inflammable. He believed in fire, sword, anything to wipe away the intrusions of the other sects. Of course "zeal" is allied to "fire."

The Essenes were the fourth party. They were the Jewish Shakers, who thought the world was so bad that they ought to leave it and live by themselves in seclusion. They were the Jewish socialists. They had very strict sanitary laws, emphasized cleanliness as one of the first of the pieties, and probably eschewed all meat diet. They were hydropathic, socialistic cranks, but very good folks. Some are greatly impressed with the relation between Jesus's thought and practice and that of the Essenes, who in his time constituted a community four or five thousand strong.

The great value of these psalms to us and to the scholars lies in the curious way in which they anticipate the New Testament. We learn from these writings just what the people were thinking about fifty years before Jesus was born, and we are surprised to find how much of the New Testament is not new at all. In these psalms we find plenty of the Messianic hope. They are supposed to have been written originally in Hebrew, but we have them only in the Greek version. If you were to read the text for the first time you would say the writer anticipated the coming of the Christ. But we must remember that "the Christ" is always the equivalent of the "the Messiah," and "the Messiah" was the dreamy hope of the Jewish people which always grew stronger in inverse proportion to their prosperity. When they were prosperous they had no need of a Messiah; but when they were between the cogs and were getting badly crushed, they wanted a Messiah very much. That is not strange; it is the way with all of us,—whenever we are prosperous we can stand alone; but when we come to trouble, we want religion to help us out.

At this time the Jews were in great perplexity and this poet lays hold of the prophetic hopes of the old prophets, that they were going to win, and in Jerusalem, too, and that all the Gentiles would come over to their position. It is the wild, confident, high dream of the coming King, "the Messiah," "the annointed." You say, "How it fits into Jesus." Yes, so it does, part of the way around, but not by any means all the way around. The ethical and spiritual side is realized in a striking way in Jesus, but there is a political and secular segment that does not fit him. Jesus never looked for an earthly kingdom. He was not an expansionist.

Again, these psalms are full of immortality. The good were to come back like sparks and burn up everything but themselves. But the future of the wicked was to be not hell, but that humaner thing, annihilation, which has been a half-way house with a great many Christian theologians. The Jews of that time had a better hold on eternal bliss than on eternal punishment.

To the younger children we can say something like this: You remember how last year we found the great poets, the great prophets, always promising a better time in the future. Some thought that better time would come through a great king who would be able to conquer all their enemies. Others thought it would be a wise man who would triumph by justice and kindness. They always believed the Lord would send some one. Now only fifty years before Jesus, after the courage of the Maccabees had failed, a man wrote eighteen little poems for the encouragement of his people, eighteen little hymns to be sung in their church. He said, Don't be discouraged, don't give it up yet, the Messiah, the "annointed one," the "promised one" is surely coming and he will be great and good and triumphant. And, still further, these psalms taught that the wicked were to be blotted out and the good were to live again forever.

The Study Table.

The Development of the English Novel.*

Scholarly, catholic in tone and marred by no special pleas, very valuable to the ever-increasing number of students of English fiction and no less interesting and entertaining to the layman; such is the volume with the above title, by Professor Wilbur L. Cross, of Yale University. No department of a nation's literature is so luminous with meaning to a student of social history or of human nature as its fiction, if treated from a thoroughly modern evolutionary and psychological view-point. Professor Cross's work, coming as it does, on the heels of the recent movement for a comprehensive study of English fiction in certain of our higher institutions of learning, is significant of a swinging away from the old ideal of the triviality of the "mere novel." Of considerable interest is the list of twenty-five prose fictions, designed to show in large outline the development of English fiction from the "Morte d'Arthur" of Sir Thomas Malory to Kipling's "Brushwood Boy." A biographical appendix makes the book yet more valuable. S. C. S.

Hopes and Duties.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

LIFE BEYOND DEATH†—This latest volume from the pen of its distinguished author is destined to enjoy a wide popularity. It is a sincere and courageous attempt to establish, upon scientific foundations, a conviction of the reality and personal quality of a future life. To Dr. Savage's recent bereavement in the death of a son of great promise, in the early prime of his maturity, the wider brotherhood of similar experience owes this re-study, by its able author, in the light of a keen personal interest, of an ever-recurring question. Whether or not we find his psychic experiments scientifically convincing, it remains true that at such an hour the open gates through which a loved one has passed into the unseen do seem to grant us a glimpse into that undiscovered country, and a sense of its nearness and reality enfolds us before the ceaseless attrition of material things blunts again our sensibilities and a dimness falls once more upon our vision. Very many will be thankful to the author for the candid and cautious way in which the popular arguments and probabilities are reviewed, and for the lucid statements which sum up his own positive convictions. A satisfactory index renders the many references to ancient and modern literature of the subject easily available.

LESSONS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.‡—This handsome volume will help many parents and teachers of very young children to solve the problem of early Bible instruction. It includes studies of nature told in simple language. It is enriched by adaptations of some of the choicest gems of literature in addition to the Scripture passages. It is interspersed with suitable songs, and beautifully illustrated by reproductions of the gems of religious art.

STEPHEN THE BLACK.§—The Rev. E. P. Powell's vigorous commendatory "Book Note," in Unity for January 18, renders unnecessary more than a brief mention here of this striking study of a serious problem. It re-enforces with the witchery of art and the persuasiveness of a singularly direct and simple style the familiar arguments and statistics bearing upon social conditions in our Southern States. The author has entered with a genuine sympathy into the unhealing sorrow of a still oppressed and bitterly wronged race. The reader will enjoy the keenly pointed sarcasm upon which the psuedo-philanthropist is impaled. We believe that a wide reading of this powerful story would beget an irresistible impulse to help this heavy laden people to free their shoulders from an intolerable burden. G. R. P.

*The Development of the English Novel, by Wilbur L. Cross, New York. The Macmillan Company.

†Life Beyond Death, by Minot J Savage. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, 1899, 8vo., cloth pp. XV., 336 .Cost·

‡One Year of Sunday School Lessons for Young Children. A manual for teachers and parents, by Forence U. Palmer. The Macmillan Co., New York, 1999, 8vo., cloth, pp. XVI., 226.

§Stephen, the Black, by Caroline H. Pemberson. Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia, 1899, 12mo., cloth, pp. 282, $1.00.

FEBRUARY MAGAZINES.

THE AMERICAN REVIEW OF REVIEWS has illustrated articles on Dwight L. Moody and Lord Roberts. The latter in the glory of his gold lace has practically lost his Christian name, for we have turned the leaves of the article in vain to find the name his mother gave him. However brilliant his record may be, let America be proud of her soldier of the cross, the man who gave his life to restore rather than destroy. These two articles may well represent the tno foci of present interest and social activity. Both cannot always command the respect of the same people. Clearer and clearer is the demand heard, "Chose ye this day whom ye will serve."

THE INTERNATIONAL LAGAZINE. The second number of this Macmillan venture will command the attention of UNITY readers, if for no other reason than the valuable article on "Recent Works In the Science of Religion," by Professor Toy, of Harvard. This magazine will commend itself for its brevity. It does not aspire to be an encyclopedia. Here is something about Japan that is interesting also.

MANUAL TRAINING MAGAZINE is a new venture of which Charles A. Bennett is editor. The University of Chicago Press, publisher. A sumptuous venture which must interest believers in technical education and promote the pedagogical study of the same.

THE KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE. Although the brooding mother of this magazine, Miss Amalie Hofer, is off playing in the Italian sunshine, this publication comes promptly to hand with its mother lore and news from baby land. Alice Turner Merry has an article on simple foods for children which she calls a "Dietetic Runimation."

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE comes to us resplendent in its national colors. It contains notice of the late Daniel Sharp Ford, the real "Perry Mason & Co.," publisher of the "Youth's Companion." There is a story by Octave Thanet and an interesting article on London hospitals.

CLUB LIFE has a double number for January and February. It seems to be the organ of the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs. Rather crude in its typography and exclusively feminine.

Perry Marshall, of New Salem, Massachusetts, not unknown to the readers of Unity, has published in a neat little booklet an historical poem, entitled "Vinland, or a Norse Discovery of America." There is enough historical truth in the sagas to justify poetic use, and the metrical story may lead one to look further.

Satan (impatiently, to new comer): The trouble with you Chicago people is that you think you are the best people down here; whereas, you are merely the most numerous. —*Mark Twain.*

The more virtuous a man is, the more virtue he sees in others. *Scott.*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUNDAY—Give, and God's reward to you will be the spirit of giving more.
MONDAY—Pray till prayer makes you forget your own wish, and leave it or merge it in God's will.
TUESDAY—In God's world, for those who are in earnest, there is no failure.
WEDNESDAY—The worst part of martyrdom is not the last agonizing moment; it is the wearing daily steadfastness.
THURSDAY—God's guidance is plain when we are true.
FRIDAY—Truth is a thing of habit rather than of will.
SATURDAY—Organize victory out of mistakes.

Now.

Oh, do not wait until in earth I lie
Before thou givest me my rightful meed;
Oh, do not now in coldness pass me by,
And then cry praises which I cannot heed.
If I have helped thee on thy weary way,
Or lightened in the least thy burden's weight
Haste with love's tokens ere another day
Shall pierce thee with the fatal words, "Too late!"

The present moment is thy time to live:
The Past is gone, the Future may not be;
If thou hast treasure of the heart to give
To hungry souls, bestow it speedily;
For sweet Love's sake, let not to-morrow's sun
Tempt thee to wait before thou see it done.

—*Dr. Taylor.*

True Gifts.

Among my Christmas remembrances came two gifts over which I rejoiced. One was a box of rosebuds sent by a busy seamstress whose tired fingers had cut the flowers from her own bush, and so daintily were they packed, I could not think Uncle Sam's grimy pouch had brought them—dawn and dew might have been their bearers.

The other gift was a letter telling of Christmas in a friend's family. For several weeks before the holidays, the father, who is the only bread-winner, was ill, so just at the time children are gleefully dropping bright pennies and nickels into their banks, the savings of these little folks did not increase. At a grand family council which was held, seventy-five cents was found to be the entire fund for six peoples' Merry Christmas. But love dissolves obstacles. All about this home lie mountains covered with noble pine and fir trees, gleaming bright against the snow. Among the trees the big brother of this family found a young forest king, which looked to the baby as high as the Eiffel tower, and with colored papers, scissors, and paste those kindergarten-trained fingers fashioned trimmings for the tree. They made gifts, too. It is surprising, how with a little ingenuity and patience, dainty and useful presents can be made from the common material lying about in every home. By common consent the money purchased a needed gift for mother, who could not see it through the glad tears brought to her eyes by the infinitely precious testimony of her children's unselfishness. Not content to keep so much happiness and cheer in one home, the neighboring children were invited to share these gifts of the spirit and perhaps some of them have a sense of the meaning of the Christ-day since they saw that poverty may be an ornament of virtue and that "the gift without the giver is bare."

A. B. K.

He Asked a Favor.

An old farmer who was in the habit of eating what was set before him, asking no questions, dropped into a cafe for dinner. The waiter gave him the dinner-card and explained that it was the list of dishes served for dinner that day. The old gentleman began at the top of the bill of fare and ordered each thing in turn until he had covered about one third of it. The prospect of what was still before him was overpowering, yet there were some things at the end that he wanted to try. Finally he called the waiter and, confidentially marking off the spaces on the card with his index finger, said: "Look here, I've et from thar to thar. Can I skip from thar to thar and eat on to the bottom?"—*Exchange.*

Dropped in the Mail.

One of the collectors of the New York Post Office found, when he opened the mail box, that everything inside was in motion.

He began taking out the mail matter, when he was startled by a yelp, and in a moment a tiny pup poked his head through the parcels. He seemed delighted when he saw the man. When the collector picked him up, he found the dog was carefully tagged for a western city, and on the tag was a two cent stamp. The postman took the pup to the station to which he belonged, but the little fellow was kept in the office, for there is no provision for sending dogs through the mail.— *The Outlook.*

The Horseless Carriage.

We make a mistake in speaking of the horseless carriage as a new invention. More than one hundred and fifty years ago, a Frenchman exhibited one of these vehicles in Paris. Louis XV., who was then king, inspected the handsome carriage; expressed much pleasure over the invention and promised his patronage to the maker. The king's advisers condemned the carriage, however, perhaps on account of the cumbersome machinery necessary to propel the carriage which was moved by means of a great spring that was wound up like our clocks and watches; but it remained for the nineteenth century to perfect the vehicle that releases from abuse the patient, faithful horse.

In a chapter of reminiscences of Von Bunsen and his friends in the October *Century* John Bigelow tells this anecdote of Humboldt: "One day he was dining with Mendelssohn, the banker, and, an unusual thing with him, was very silent. His host, remarking it, observed to Humboldt that he was sure he must be ill. 'No,' said Humboldt, 'but I am in great trouble. Only ten minutes before leaving my apartment to come here I received from my landlord a note informing me that he had sold the house in which I reside and that I must move. The very thought drives me to despair. I really cannot bear to move again.' Mendelssohn gradually led Humboldt into conversation, during which he found time to write a note and receive an answer to it. He then took Humboldt aside and said: 'By this note I learn that I am now the owner of the house in which you reside. The condition, however, upon which I have become its possessor is that you continue to occupy your apartment in it as long as you live.'"

On the Window Pane.

Gardens, and flowers, and trees,
Hammocks swinging at ease;
A ship, with straight, tall mast,
Imprisoned in icebergs fast;
Sea-weeds that float and curl
In water pure as pearl;
A balcony hung in air,
Where dreams a maiden fair;
A winter palace of ice.
Built by no queen's device;
Lines of beauty and grace,
The blaze on the hearth springs up, and lo!
Vanished are all these pictures of snow.

—*New York Observer.*

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

TOLEDO.—Mrs. A. G. Jennings' class in Browning is engaged this season with "The Ring and the Book." A suggestive program is before us, one well qualified to direct the student to the more salient points.

BURLINGTON, IA.—"Old and New" says the People's Church in this place is growing slowly. Mr. Berglund, the young minister "is taking his place in the various activities of the city." The minister that can find a place in "the various activities of the city" will eventually find a place for himself and his church.

CHICAGO.—"The University Congregation," an organization of the teaching forces of the University of Chicago, are going to discuss the following resolutions:

1. That the present interest in athletics in the university is undesirable.

2. That the degree of "A. B." should be granted for all under-graduate courses whether they include Latin and Greek or not.

—Miss Addams' lecture at All Souls Church last Sunday night was on "The Individual Effort at Social Adjustment," Count Tolstoi being the illustration. Miss Addams more than any one we know of has a right to speak of Tolstoi, having visited him at his home and studied him deeply. Let no one dispose of Tolstoi as a "crank" or as "crazy" until they have heard Miss Addams' analysis of his work and message. It is a lecture that ought to be heard wherever there are careless and complacent members of the so-called "prosperous" world. The last lecture provided for in the course on "Social Attempts" is to be given next Sunday night, but the interest is so great that it is hoped that the course may be extended by two more lectures, one on "Domestic Service" and the other on "Social Settlements."

—The three Unitarian churches of Chicago have started a joint monthly calendar which appears in pamphlet form of the size of the Savage and Chadwick sermon series. The February number contains the list of officers and the monthly calendar for the Church of the Messiah, Unity Church and the Third Unitarian Church; a letter from the Western Secretary, advertisements of headquarters and a sermon by Rev. Albert Lazenby on Doctor Martineau.

Board Meetings.

OF THE WESTERN UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY. FOR DECEMBER.

The vice-president of the society, Rev. J. R. Effinger, acted as chairman at the meeting held December 7th, the others present being Mrs. Perkins, Miss Hintermeister, Miss Lord and Mr. Scheible. The secretary reported that an edition of new Christmas Festival cards had been ordered and would be ready for distribution in a few days. Also that Mr. Gould's mention of them in his new paper, "The Child's World in Picture and Story," had already brought a few orders for these cards. Those present at the previous meeting, while not forming a quorum, had agreed on the election of Mr. W. A. Barnes, Superintendent of the Stewart Avenue Universalist Sunday school, as director in place of Dr. Guthrie, who had been unable to accept this position. This action was formally ratified and Mr. Barnes was introduced as a member of the board.

The secretary also reported that all copies of Mr. Gannett's lessons called "In the Home," had been sold, and as the plates for these were thought to be at Rochester, he was instructed to communicate with Mr. Gannett in regard to the publishing of a new edition. Then the meeting adjourned.

FOR JANUARY.

The January meeting of the directors (held on the 4th) brought out Rev. A. W. Gould, Rev. J. R. Effinger, Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Southworth, Miss Hintermeister, Mr. Barnes, Mr. Kendall and Mr. Scheible. After the reading of the minutes the treasurer reported donations of five dollars each from the Unitarian Sunday schools at Montclair, N. J., and at Davenport, Iowa.

Mr. Effinger brought up the question of advertising our publications, and on his motion it was voted that the secretary be asked to ascertain advertising rates from the publishers of the "Christian Register," "Unity," "Old & New," and the "Child World."

Mr. Gould reported a request from the compiler of the coming anniversary yearbook of the American Unitarian Association for a brief history of this society, which Mr. Effinger agreed to write up.

The secretary reported that the sales of the new Christmas cards had already almost covered the outlay for printing and postage. It was voted that we publish another festival card suitable for use both at Easter and on Flower Sunday, Mr. Gould and Mr. Scheible being appointed a committee for that purpose. Mr. Scheible also brought up the question of offering some of the "Perry Pictures" for use with Mr. Fenn's "Flowering of the Hebrew Religion," and was asked to report on this at a later meeting. Whereupon the meeting adjourned.

ALBERT SCHEIBLE,
Sec'y.

A CARD.

Among the effects of the late Felix Morris have been found some 300 copies of his delightful Personal Reminiscences, a little book long since out of print. It is our common wish that those admirers of Mr. Morris who desire copies of this book may obtain them, and we have arranged that they shall be mailed post paid upon receipt of $1 per copy. Mr. Morris left his family in circumstances entirely comfortable. This is in no sense a begging letter. It is merely the hasty effort of a self-constituted committee to provide as many of Mr. Morris' friends as possible with the mutual satisfaction of receiving and of sending this perhaps most appropriate memento of a friend than whom no one was ever more loyal or affectionate.

Enclosures may be sent to 42 Irving Place, N. Y., in care of Mrs. Felix Morris.

Minot J. Savage, Thomas R. Slicer, Walter P. Phillips, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Melville E. Stone, Marshall Cushing, Evert Jansen, Wendell.

New York, Feb. 1, 1900.

Books Received.

FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT, NEW YORK.

Nature's Miracles. Familiar Talks on Science. By Elisha Gray, Ph. D., L.L. D. Vol. 1. World Building & Life. Earth, Air and Water.

DANA ESTES & COMPANY, BOSTON.

The Crisis of The Republic. By Geo. S. Boutwell.

Report of the Commissioner of Education for the year 1897-98.

Oriental America. Official and Authentic Records of the Dealings of the United States with the Natives of Luzon and Their Former Rulers. By Ora Williams.

Report of the Twenty-third Annual meeting of the American Humane Association. Addresses by Rev. Washington Gladden, D. D., and Rev. John Henry Barrows, D. D.

THE MACMILLAN CO., 66 Fifth Ave., New York.

Gardens, Ancient and Modern. An epitome of the literature of the Garden Art, with an Historical Epilogue. By Albert Forbes, Sieveking, F. S. A. With Illustrations, $3.00.

An Ethical Sunday School. A scheme for the moral instruction of the Young. By Walter L. Sheldon. $1.25.

The Golden Horseshoe. Extracts from the Letters of Captain H. L. Herndon, of the 21st U. S. Infantry, on duty in the Philippine Islands, and Lieutenant Lawrence Gill, A. D. C., to the Military Government of Puerto Rico, with a postscript by J. Sherman, Private, Co. D., 21st Infantry. Edited by Stephen Bowsal. $1.50.

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